

## Magazine Page

The National Daily



#### This Day in History

Read the Serial Here and Watch for

THIS is the anniversary of the birth, in 1765, of Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin. It was this ingenious machine that put cotton where it is and made the South a cotton-growing country.

# JUST AROUND THE CORNER

#### An Engrossing Film Drama, Based on One of FANNIE HURST'S Unique Stories of New York's East Side.

THE STORY TO DATE.

Essie Birdsong, a lovely flower of the East Side, works in the Blatzky Sweatshop to help her brother, Jimmie, support their ailing mother. These con ditions are as bad spiritually as they are physically and Jimmy feels the necessity of keeping watch for his sister's good. Blatsky turns amorous eyes upon Essie and one day stops her as she leaves the shop. He makes advances to the girl, and she fights him off until Jimmie opportunely arrives. Easie seeks another job and becomes acquainted with Lulu Pope, an usher at theater. Luiu gets Essie an offer of place at the same theater, but tells Essie she will have "to doll up." After showing Essie how to do this Luiu tells the girl she has a "steady" for her, and produces a photograph of Joe Ullman, a young ticket speculator. This Prince Charming lingers in Essie's mind but she forgets him during her first night as usher at the theater.

("Just Around the Corner" made into motion pictures, scenario and direction by Frances Marion, is a Cosmopolitan production,

> Screen Version Novelized. By JANE McLEAN.

SAY, girlie, you're gettin' up in the world, ain't you?" "Did you notice my new shoes?" asked the delighted Essie. "I'll say so-you're the swell dame tonight, all right-you're comin'

round and have a dance at the hall." "Oh, Joe, I thought you was coming to call on Ma tonight-you said you would." "Tomorrow night, little girl-I

sure do want to have a dance with you with those nifty shoes on." So Essie danced and ached, and

Joe winked at Lulu and told her the

+ new one was gettin' on. It was after 1 when they made their way along the nearly deserted street to the Birdsong tenement.

"I'll say you'll make a great dancer." Joe vouchsafed as they stood in the hallway saying goodnight. "Well, so long"-he bent forward and kissed her, and Essie, having heard from Lulu that this was the way with gentlemen friends, blushed and ran toward the stairs.

"See you tomorrow night," cried Mr. Ullman.
"And you'll surely come up then."

"Oh, sure," promised the obliging Joe.

Joe was long on promising; his headquarters were in a cigar store, to the proprietor of which he paid a percentage on his ticket scalping business.

Joe's Unhappy Moments.

Sometimes when trade was dull the proprietor wondered whether Joe wasn't a nuisance at any price; his hours were spent doing the futile tricks for which the cheap idler is a byword. He would stand for minutes balancing his hat on the tip of his nose or making faces for the benefit of a fellow ne'er do well. Now and again an irate customer

to whom he had sold two dollar tickets for ten, would revisit the place: these meetings were never scheduled in advance and they were always painful to Joe.

Some men seemed to have no sense of humor; just because the aforesaid tickets happened to be behind a post was that any reason for a personal encounter?

To the owner of the store, how-



Essie Birdsong, Who Looks After Her Ailing Mother Tenderly, Makes Her Take Her Medicine.

ever, these return visits were a source of great gratification; it pleased him to the point of tolerating Joe, to see him kicked from one end of the store to the other or hurled headlong into a telephone booth or sent pell mell into the street from the toe of a boot that knew no mercy.

For Joe never made a protest; he was not a hero; his business was to sell the cheapest good seats for the highest prices, and the knocks and abuse he received as inevitable drawbacks to his calling.

When he was not on duty his time was invested in pool rooms with a crowd of the same mettle as himself; and he alweys had a girl to whom he posed as the last word in sartorial perfection.

His devotion to Essie had roused

more than one remark among the worthles who smoked cigarettes and shot dice with him.

"I believe he's fallen in love,"

said one of them. "Me?" answered Joe, "not in a million years. I'm too wise for

"Well, who's the little skirt you're so keen on?" "Ushers in a theater."

"Ha, ha, working for free seats." This raised a laugh but Joe was used to laughs; he refused to be annoyed and Essle ceased to furnish a conversation topic over the

however tawdry and cheap Joe Ullman really was, to Essie he was the smartest, the brightest, the most considerate of adorers.

pool table. But there was no gainsaying that

#### the Motion Picture Soon To Be Shown at Leading Theaters. "You shut up, Jimmie-he's worth

The girl would sit for hours listening to his vapid conversation about nothing; his wonderful aptitude for making a lighted cigarette disappear down his throat was an accomplishment in Essie's eyes; it was her good fortune that he was merely weak and not vicious.

A man of a certain type only too common would have led Essie down the path from which there is no return; Joe was not only weak, he was afraid of the consequences to himself.

An Era of Excuses.

And always bearing in mind that he wished for no entanglements he made his nightly excuse for not going inside the Birdsong apartment. And for every excuse he made Essie was put to it to furnish one equally plausible.

Mrs. Birdsong, who had expected the arrival of the gentleman friend, began to wonder if he was a figment of the impaination.

So much so that she pinned Essie down to a definite engagement and Essie, determined to show off her paragon, finally got Mr. Ullamn to swear on his honor that he would come to dinner just before he went on duty.

For this occasion Mrs. Birdsong outdid herself; she made a cake especially for the guest of honor and she set the table for four, intending to place Mr. Ullman at the head and allow him the honor of being the head of the family, pro

Jimmie grumbled at this lavish display of hospitality. "He ain't worth it, ma." more'n you'll ever be worth." "I bet you he doesn't come,"

sparred Jimmie. "Of course he'll come. I'm going to get him now."

"What's the matter, can't he cor's by hisself-first time I ever heard of a girl having to bring a man."

"He's got an important engagement and he's going to meet me at the corner," Easie explained to the puzzled Mrs. Birdsong. "You wait, ma, I'll be right back."

But Jimmie was right-Mr. Ullman did not come. He met Essie as per agreement, but he could not see his way to dining with the family.

"The truth is, little girl, I ain't hungry tonight-I swear if I came up I wouldn't eat a thing and I ain't got the heart to disappoint your mother like that, honest I ain't

And Joe Puts Her Off.

"Oh, but Joe, you promised, you know, and the dinner is all ready and Ma's waiting and she wants to see you-you promised me before and you never came. I don't believe you want to-to come."

"If I was feeling well, you know. Essie, honest I'd come, but I ain't."

"You don't have to eat anything you can sit and talk."

"Oh Lord, sit and talk-nothing doin'; just the smell of food'd make me sick—I tell you little girl. there's nothing to it—some other night I'll go straight—but not to-night—now what do you say to a cup of coffee?"

(To Be Continued Monday.)

### FRIENDLY PLANETS

WHY NOT LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM.

Eminent Astronomer and Authority on Subjects of Scientific Interest.

"Will you give a description of how to find the planets any month in the year; and how to locate them at any time?—R. A.,

O find and follow the planets without the aid of a star and planet finder you must have the American Ephemeris and Na tical Almanac, published by the Government at Washington, for every year and to be had for several years in advance. This, together with a good set of star charts, will enable you to locate any planet at any time, independent of any aid; but implying, of course, a little technical knowlthe acquirement of which edge, the acquirement of which will be a great pleasure for any-body with intellectual tastes.

There is no real difficulty about it. You could easily make your own planetary tables, showing the places of the planets in the sky for several years in advance, will sufficient accuracy for the simple purpose of finding and identifying

It is only necessary that you hould ascertain to begin with the location of a planet at some date when it is conveniently placed for being seen in the evening sky. Then, remembering that the planets all, without exception, advance journey around the sun, you have to know how many degrees, or what part of the entire circuit of the sky, a planet moves east-ward, say in a month, or a week, in order to predict about where it will be at the end of a certain

This is rendered the easier because the planets not only all go in the same direction around the sun, but also travel in orbits which all lie in almost the same plane, the plane of comparison or of reference being that of the earth's orbit, called the ecliptic, or plane

of the ecliptic. The sun is always in the plane of the ecliptic. The various planets (excluding the minor plants or asteriods, which are invisible except with telescopes) are never found more than a few degrees either north or south of the plane of the ecliptic, and their paths all lie in a zone of the sky, called the

By Garrett P. Serviss + zodiac, which extends eight degrees on each side of the line or plane of the ccliptic. Every planet is always to be found somewhere within the boundaries of the zodiac, and consequently in one or another of the twelve constellations that

> like a band of star pictures. There are two very interesting circumstances which add a little complexity to the movements of the planets, notwithstanding their funstances are: First, that owing to the eccentricity of their orbits all of the planets travel with varying speed, so that sometimes a planet is ahead of and at other times behind the place that it would occupy in its orbit if its motion were perfectly uniform at all times, and, ond, that because the earth is also in motion around the sun, going the same way that the others go with a speed differing from that of any of them, the relativity principle comes into play, and the apparent motions and apparent positions of the planets do not always accord with the real motions and positions. If our point of observation were the sun instead of the earth, this

effect would not occur, and we should then see the planets continually advancing from West to East, their speeds varying only with their regularity varying distances from

But because our point of observation is continually advancing through space, and that with vari-able speed, since the earth's orbit, too, is elliptical in shape, we perceive some remarkable effects upon the motions of the other planets, somewhat as when we look from one moving railroad train at another traveling in the same direction with a different speed, we may see the other train apparently mov-ing backward, though in reality it is going the same way we are, so at certain times some of the planets appear to move backward, or westward, in the sky, simply because the earth is traveling eastward

faster than they are. e apparent backward motions of the planets, which caused the plexity, as I have explained in a preceding article, render it necessary to correct the calculations of a planet's place in the sky for any particular date in such a way as to allow for the effects of the com-bination of the earth's motion with

Unpleasar Taste

## The Wine of Life

By Arthur Stringer, Well-Known Novelist and Author of Countrywide Reputation.

T was as startling as though he had beheld her kissed on the bare flesh by the lips of Death. He expected almost to hear the rattle of bones as he perceived that antique, stooping frame shake with its sentle palsy accentuated momentary emotion. But was too odious even to contem-

For the second time Storrow let his head sink into his hands, submeiged with an immense new misery of betrayal. He was being duped that night, he felt, for the second time, irreparably, unfathomably duped. Yet it amazed him to find that he was incapable of action, that he could contemplate a situation undermining the solidest timbers of his happiness and make no effort to combat it.

He sat without moving, no longer conscious of even the throbbins ache in his temples, absorbing to the full a shock which could leave him more stupefied than alcohol. was not until Torrie closed the studio door and crossed the room that he made an effort to

Storrow Confronts Her. "I saw it," he said as he con-

"Saw what?" she sharply de-

#### THE COLD BATH

-By Brice Belden M. D .-CONTRARY TO WHAT people disposed to coddle themselves both protects against taking cold by improving the circulation in the skin and developing general vital resistance. In particular, the power of the body to warm the skin after it has been chilled by exposure to cold is increased.

Very cold water should not be used, however, except by the hardy. The temperature should be somewhere between 70 and 80 degrees, according to the individ-ual concerned, unless one is robust enough to stand lower tempartures. In those whose vitality has been de-pleted by maladies due to the retention within the body of waste polsons, a rather warm bath, lasting about three minutes, may precede

the cold bath.

The cool bath offsets many of the deteriorating influences of our artificial life. Sedentary persons who suffer from nervous weak nesses of various sorts, such as neurasthenia are greatly benefitted by the tonic effects of the cool bath. A very cold bath should always be short and the temperature of the room in which the bath is taken

should be higher than that of the bath. Hot baths taken frequently, especially in winter, are depressing and lower resistance to cold. After the reaction sets in follow ing a cool bath there is a great increase in the blood corpuscles in the surface vessels. The increase ranges from 30 to 0 per cent. Since these corpuscies carry oxygen to the tissues and remove carbonic acid. there is a consequent increase in the

vital resistance of the skin. It is also to be remembered that certain blood cells are germ destroyers and scavengers, removing deleterious substances from the blood vessels and tissues of the steady posture with an eye in which burned both antagonism and disdain. It was an unnaturally bright eye, made almost luminous by the

extraordinary whiteness of her face.

And even in that inapposite moment

Storrow was stung sharply by the

sense of her beauty.
"You and Modrynski," he replied, thing still too odious for expression "What about me and Modrynski?"

she challenged. "You know as well as I do," he counter-challenged, awakening to the fact that she herself was none

too steady on her feet. "Know what?" his wife was reiter-

"I'm beginning to know you," he

equivocated, scarcely finding the

"Are you?" she murmured with

half-closed eyes. "And what about "That's just what I've been wor dering; what about it?" he repeated, much more lucidly than she must have expected, for she turned upon him again with a quick and defen-sive movement of impatience.

The Full Effects "You'd better get sober before you start saying such utterly ridiculous things," she observed, with an appreciative glance over his person.

"You look it," she said with a laugh. He turned and walked away from

her, confounded by a sense of frus-

## When a Girl Marries

AN INTERESTING STORY OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE

By Ann Lisle Whose Present Serial Has Scored a Nationwide Success.

R)R a moment I stood waiting for Carl to pull bi for Carl to pull himself to-gether. But when several minutes passed and Carl remained gazing out over the roofs of the city, I dreaded to take matters into my own

"Carl, I've only a few minutes now. But I'd like to s-ange for a real conference at 4 or 4:30, if that suits you," I said. "You know we've a lot of loose ends to tie up before I start out on my own. I don't want any ghosts of my so-journ at Haldane's rising to trouble

me. Which hour suits you for "Four-if that's all right for you," replied Carl in a smothered voice. Then, turning suddenly, he cried: "You're a wonderful woman, Anne Harrison. I'll remember for the rest of time that you're Anne Harrison, and not Anne Lee. And there won't be any ghosts-to trouble you. Only a good friend to guard you from ghosts and other-

"So that's that," I cried. Then with a smile, I ventured to add: "And, remember, I count on aforementioned and oft-tested friend.'

then I whisked into my office, brushed away a fugitive tear or two and powdered my nose vigorously. All of which, with a hat to top it off, made me ready to go down to the street, where Lyons and the car were due at 1. "Where to, ma'am?" asked Lyons

when I reached the curb, where he

and the car were waiting precisely

as I'd known they would be "First I want a bite of lunch, then we'll inspect an office in this building," I said, handing Lyons the address of the place where Carlotta had taken the refusal of the third story for me. "And then, Lyons, we'll drive to that quiet path you know in the park and discuss the problems Hedwig has brought up for us."

ing his cap with the "smart" salute he seems to delight to give. Hastily I got through my lunch, sending Lyons at the same time, and over his protest, to have a bite also. Then we drove to the little three-story building where I was sure I was going to locate even before I inspected its roomy. sunshiny spaces. Next we drove to a place where second-hand office furniture in good condition can

be bought for a fraction of its orig-Then, with a feeling of achieve-

one more errand than I'd been counting on-I saw Lyons turn toward the park. Strangely enough, as we rolled along, I found myself thinking of Virginia, rather than of myself or even of Jim. But indirectly, my reflections about Virginia were concerning themselves with Jim, too
—for I was dwelling on something
he'd said of her back in the cruel

days when she had been estranged

ment-because I'd just accomplished

so bitterly from Pat. "You can't do much to fight the reserve that comes pretty near being tragedy for her," Jim had said. It was true then. It is true now, and even with Phoebe happily married to Neal, I've never been so far from my husband and his world of "Harrisonia" as now. For if Phoebe's marriage widened the gap between Virginia and me in a certain tragic, dignified way, this ugly squabble of our servants seemed about to embroil us in a nasty snarl which we could only get out of by laughing ourselves

tered a silent vow: "Virginia Dalton, I saved you once from yourself and for Pat. But that was after you'd played hob with Pat's happiness-and almost with his moral fiber. I don't expect gratitude from you. But I expect a square deal-and some day I'm going to exact it. Not for myself, but for Phoebe and Neal -and Jim, perhaps. And when I demand payment, you're not going to refuse. So that's that—my Lady Disdain."

The car was spinning along as I reflected. Presently it slowed down a bit, turned a familiar curve and made its way into the little secludbirch-hung path which poor Sheldon Blake had shown to me the first months of my marriage. In the most sheltered part of that quiet path Lyons came to a full halt, stepped out and stood, as once before he had stood, respectfully waiting for me to open the conversation. "Well, Lyons, what have you to

tell me this time? Is it news of Dick West-or only of Slim Dar-I smiled reassuringly as I spoke.
"Tain't of neither of them that

went to talk to you. Mis' Harri Lyons, fumling with his of the woman Hedwig. ng your pardon, ma'am, tha. o.d gal is-some gal."

(To Be Continued Tuesday.)

#### A STIRRING ROMANCE By Arthur Stringer.

tration, oppressed by the feeling some vast issue left clouded and in-consequental. And as he gulped down a glass of ice water and Torrie on the other side of the room with a parade of unconcern began to make ready for bed, he wished with all the strength of his being for a time at least he might claim the luxury of solitude, the consoling dig-

nity of at least sleeping alone. Before Storrow was quite aware of it, in fact, Torrie was lying asleep, or in a pretense of sleep. himself wearily on the same bed she neither stirred nor moved. Yet when he wakened several hours later, with the high light of noonday flooding the studio, he found himself with his right arm thrown over her hot bare shoulder and the soft curve of her back lying in its habitual nestling posture close in against his body. He saw, too his relief, that she was still sleeping

heavily. So quietly and slowly and almost with a sense of shame, he withdrew his arm from the slowly rising and falling flesh on which it was cush loned. Then inch by inch he moved over to his own side of the bed.

CHAPTER XVIII. Storrow was roused out of his reverie by the shrill of the tele-phone bell. He glanced at Torrie, to see if it had awakened her, and then slipped quietly out of bed. He found that it was Chester Hardy calling

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#### THE RHYMING **OPTIMIST**

-By Aline Michaelis-

HERE was once a pretty

maiden who was eager to

wed, with despair her heart was laden as these doleful words she said: "Oh, I would not be a spinster, living lonely with the cat; I would walk to far Dakota to avoid a fate like that. Now, some Grimly I set my lips and regismarried girls are slender, some are tall and some are thin, some are dignified and tender, while some wear a merry grin. Some are beautiful and charming, and (although I would not knock) some have faces so alarming they would stop an eight-day clock! So I want to find

the season some are wooed and led away, while I'm in my fifteenth season and I soon must be passe. I am searching for a teacher who this secret will impart; how to charm some manly creature, how to win his honest heart." Then she sought a bare-foot dancer, saying: "Tell me how to charm," said the lady: "Here's the answer: serve 'em biscuits fresh and warm. Make 'em flapjacks for their dinner, pastry that is always light and you're bound to be a winner, though your face may be a fright." This was such a simple measure that she thought it must be wrong, so the moment she had leisure she approached a queen of song. And she begged her: "Tell me, madam, what is woman's chiefest charm; though men's hearts are like macadam, what will take them all by storm? Quoth the singer: "That is easy; make them doughnuts by the pile, doughnuts that are not too greasy made in mother's vaunted style Though she questioned many others -Fijis, cannibals and Turks-all the honest wives and mother named this

## BEING SURE OF LOVE

NO ONE CAN BE QUITE CERTAIN OF IT.

By Beatrice Fairfax

Who Occupies a Unique Position in the Writing World as an Author
66 WHAT is the final test of love?" asks George A. "How can I be sure that ity on the Problems of Love. I really care for the girl of whom I'm thinking seriously. She attracts me. We're congenial. I admire her character and her personality. stirs me and appeals to me. I'm not sure that this is love. I don't want to make a mistake, since that would mean misery for us both. Isn't there some one thing which would give me definite proof that I care—and care enough to have the right to try to make her

"A proof of love?" . . In fairytale days knights were sent on strange quests and far journeys to prove their devotion. They rode tourneys. They went abroad seek-ing some talisman to convince their lady of their love. But always they seemed, somehow, sure of them selves.

Love has to take itself a little on faith. It has to trust some-thing to the beauty and passion of life itself. It must have the simple confidence which makes childhood repose such implicit con-fidence in its leaders and guides. Lasting love must be of mind and spirit as well as of body. Now, no one can be assured that a beauty which is alluring one day

+ will not be marred and disfigured the next. And a love which is of the flesh only can be repelled as easily as attracted.

But age and suffering and ex-perience make the spirit grow. The mind comes into its heritage of

poise and charm and depth through the turmoil and struggle of exist-So a love which is based on me

tal congeniality has even more to draw on as age comes to disfigure the outer shell perhaps, but to re-fine the mind dwelling within. And the spirit grows through the vicissitudes and trials and the triumphs of the mind. So again

love which has a foundation in the spirit will grow with the passing of time and the enduring of pain. So if you find in your love noth-ing but hot-headed youthful desire, you can be sure of nothing—but

that flowers sicken and die.

But if you find that you have a background of admiration and congeniality, if you discover that ten-derness and understanding and mental joy are part of your ng, you're on the right track. Real love can only be hidden by a selfish fear of the price for yield-ing. Real love must be unselfish,

self-sacrificing, gentle, loyal and tender. And it is hard to be all these things in a self-seeking and individualistic world. Therefore we fear love and its demands. But if we're willing to give ourselves freely and generously—then indeed we know true love.



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